

**"MACBETH" AT THE BROADWAY**

SOUTHERN AND MARLOWE GIVE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY.

their first appearance in the Drama—A Full Symphonic Accompaniment—A trailer of Witches Introduced—The Whole Production Elaborate.

The Broadway Theatre last night was one of the most ambitious revival of "Macbeth" seen here since Sir Henry Irving brought his actors and his beauties from the Lyceum Theatre in London and presented them to a rather indifferent New York public. His style did not differ from that of other great actors who have found it impossible to resist the temptation to appear before the Thane. In his day Edwin Booth played the part because he loved it, because his public could be persuaded to like the play.

A more exquisite series of pictures were ever called into existence by the forces of the Lyceum Theatre in London than those Sir Henry Irving revealed in his "Macbeth." The sultry haze of the northern sun setting over the Scotch landscape, the budding English meadow in the gentle glow of an April morning, the spectral march of the Scottish kings, the witches at their foul revels on the heath, these are memories of that notable period that exists after the lapse of years. Yet they failed to awaken the public interest in this play.

The attitude of the world toward a work of art has no bearing on its value, the previous recent history of "Macbeth" in New York from a popular point of view is mentioned merely to emphasize the artistic courage of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in adding this play to their repertoire. They have staged "Macbeth" with the same elaboration and thoroughness that they might expend on an assured success. That there is no further certainty than either would find artistic success in the two leading roles is another commendable aspect of their undertaking. But as the event of the performance proved, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have rarely appeared to better advantage than they did last night in this tragedy.

The action used was in six acts and twenty scenes. It was accompanied throughout by the symphonic suite which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed for the production at the London Lyceum. The period was placed in the eleventh century. Some striking contrasts in costume were the result. The warriors were dressed in rather rugged armor while the apparel of "Macbeth" after he had become king, as well as that of his queen, was rich in the extreme. One striking innovation followed "Macbeth's" second interview with the witches. A bullet filled the stage and led by the wined three danced to a chorus. The picture of the swirling figures in the moonlight had its pictorial value, but seemed no artistic or plausible device to the bold, revolting imitations that preceded it. Then was an interruption to the sacrifice scene of the tragedy. It was the one comic detail which in the course of the fourth act disturbed the classic spirit in which the performance had progressed.

Mr. Sothern's "Macbeth" shows a pale-faced, rather nervous ruler, his white skin contrasting to his black hair and beard. This indifference of the emotion he displayed after the murder of Duncan. Then in a frenzy of terror he collapsed and fell to the ground, and only through the ministrations of his wife, as he awoke to rise and proceed to his rooms. Again his boldness in planning the death of Banquo and Fleance stood at the very pole of human feeling when compared with the terror which seized him as he copied the spectre at the feast.

It must be admitted that he was seeking to emphasize the superstitious nature of the thane, who was brash enough in the face of any physical terror but succumbed completely to any fright that touched him on the less material sides of his nature. Yet if this were the conception of the character that he is seeking to realize his self-possession in the second meeting with the witches seems to be that of the spectators, is squarely consistent in spite of the encouraging nature of their prophecies. The vision of the seven ghosts does not serve to awaken any of the terrors that seized him at the mere sight of Banquo at the table, an illusion which was admirably arranged.

In those points in his presentation of the character he to be recognized and these may be all possible authority for them, there remains only praise for Mr. Sothern's work. He read his speeches without affectation, moved with a spirit and fire that are not always present in his acting and dominated the scene with not only intellectual but physical force.

Miss Marlowe's beauty was never more regal. Seated in purple drapery in the earlier scenes of the play she acquired added dignity when she and her husband had come to the fulfillment of their ambitions. She was a thoroughly womanly interpreter of the character, obviously swelling with the charm of her beauty and swelling continually to exceed their standards of taste.

The complete surrender to her emotions in the tragic scene of the third act was a triumphant indication of ambition and educated womanhood. At first it was made plain that she had been ambitious through her love of the man whom she has made her master, but in the course of her own rise to the heights of the human and feminine charm Miss Marlowe's performance never lost the exalted spirit in which the tragedy should be played. And her reading of the lines was ever a delight to the ear.

The interiors were sufficiently massive and sombre to be impressive, although some of them too greatly painted back. Interwoven artistically with the scene hangings, the witches came with their morbid like as a striking scene which would have been much more memorable without the ballyhoo. Sydney Mather played "Banquo" soundly and on the score of the acting there was no cause for criticism. There were some errors in his own part, but in spite of the inexperience and inexperience of the man and female players. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have therefore won the American public under obligations to them once more for their artistic efforts to provide some artistic and academic standard in our theatre.

**GILLETTE IN HIS BEST PART.**

Sherlock Holmes' First of His Series of Revivals at the Empire.

Mention the name of William Gillette and the mind conjures that first comes to the thoughts—that of the tall, thin, bold and commanding star character, *Sherlock Holmes*, created by Gillette immediately appears. The two have become closely associated so that it would have been strange if any other play had been chosen for the first of the series of revivals when Mr. Gillette began at the Empire the last month.

It was eleven years ago that an able actor first set his hand to this play and represented it to the fair public. To date the total performance of the play, *Sherlock Holmes*, has been given in 160 performances. Mr. Gillette and his company have now come to the end of their tour, and the last time that the two stars will be seen was one of the most interesting and popular characters of the day, and in that Mr. Gillette's stage picture of form was a portrait which made *sheer* *Holmes* more than ever a vital personage.

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**MISS NETHERSOLE RETURNS**

PLAYS "MARY MAGDALENE" AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Rises to High Moments at Times in the Masterlinck Play Distractions Mar One of the Acts. The Work of the Russian Symphony Orchestra Please.

It was demonstrated once again last night that a New York audience is not entirely comfortable in the representation, even indirect, of the Christ upon the stage. In "Mary Magdalene," by Maurice Maeterlinck, produced at the New Theatre by Miss Olga Nethersole and her company, the Christ is represented by a voice. At first it is distant, but presently it comes down and is heard directly on the stage, although the person speaking is never identified.

It was theatre and audience, but the audience did not know just how to take it. So they caught their breath and thanked their lucky stars that the intermezzo by the Russian Symphony Orchestra presented any vexed question whether to applaud or not to applaud.

Miss Nethersole's recent appearances in New York have not been especially successful nor her plays always chosen happily. Moreover, she had so fallen the victim of mannerisms that her acting threatened to become merely an exposition of her own peculiarities. It was therefore gratifying to her friends and all those who remembered her earlier work that she should open her season under such promising auspices as those of last night. With a play that was bound to command serious attention and interest, as well from its subject as from the literary and philosophic reputation of the author and with the prestige, and it is so regarded, of opening at the New Theatre, it was evident that the actress was going to have a rare opportunity to restore herself to the favor of New York theatregoers.

That she fell a bit short of the high hopes that were entertained for her was not entirely her fault, but rather of details that further colored might and further representations should have done. Her support was not always adequate, nor was it in itself, though she included several in those lines. Miss Nethersole's costumes, while most graceful and attractive, were constantly troubling her, and during the second act she was conscious of her trouble and constantly fumbling them. The men of the cast could not resist the temptation to suggest that a little tuck seems to inspire overacting. But the cast, most notably the actor who played the rôle of Jesus, was not so overbearing as to offend.

In the intervals of applause and cheering she enacted the youthful *Dr. Rochester* in the drama that Edmund Rosstand fashioned for her. She was equal to the same part many times before in New York. There were spectators in the audience last night who were seeing her for the first time and those were others, trying to memorize her performance of this play. To say that she disappointed nothing is proof of the illusion which her art can still establish and the glow that the embers of her genius are still capable of arousing in such a rôle.

But she is Sarah Bernhardt, so the thought of a grandmother masquerading in the uniform of this royal youth loses all elements of the grotesquely impossible. Thirty years before she heard the applause of the audience last night she had listened to the first welcome of the American public that gathered in Booth's Theatre to greet the famous actress. Then the Globe Theatre's site was rather a remote residential district Broadway did not possess even horse cars to any her first audience to hear her. The motors that blocked the way to the theatre were a far cry of dreams of daring skeptics. No electric lights lit the historic stage on which she appeared.

Mr. Gillette received a welcome that was genuinely cordial. As *Proteus* he and his children were happy, fast and Louise, who played with the rather eight part of the heroine, William Riley Hatch and Marion Abbott were the black-maids couple who have much to do with the development of the play, and Clifford Bruce was an acceptable *Dr. Watson*.

**THE BARBER ENSEMBLE.**

Chamber Music for Wind Instruments Played With Skill.

The first of three concerts to be given by the Barbe Ensemble—an organization of wind instrument players, took place yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre. The programme was perhaps not so liberally supplied with gems as some of those offered last season, but the concert had a delightful atmosphere of its own and was evidently much enjoyed by the audience. The first number was a sonata, opus 1, of Bachian Raff, written for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns. The principal charm in this really melodious number was the exquisite precision of the playing of Mr. Barbe and his associates.

A "Valse Mélancholique" for harp and flute was performed by Mr. Barbe and Miss Ada Sison, but it proved to be music of the most unimportant sort. The composition was "Le Grandval" then followed a "Minuet à la Characteristic Suite" by Joseph Holbrooke, an English composer for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon. One of the most characteristic things about Mr. Holbrooke's suite is that it begins with an intermezzo. Thus the composer demands that the audience should wait for the first movement to begin "in medias res." This same intermezzo has a title "In the Field." The movement is so short that one feels sure that the field has been passed.

The next movement, a chorale, is called "A Joyous Moment," and it is indeed full of gladness.

Then comes a minuet built on the plan of a conterfeited fugue and the slow movement which follows is a most effective piece of music.

Mr. Barbe's solo in the final movement of the suite was a brilliant performance.

The Barbe Ensemble, in its latest interpretation of the suite, did not do justice to the music, but it was a good effort.

Mr. Ingelbrecht's "Antique Sketches" for harp and flute served as a prelude to a more pretentious composition, "La Ballade de Belzona," by Rosando Viñals. A soloist informs us that the fair Belzona, celebrated in this bit of fanciful music is the who was a Duchess of Milan in the sixteenth century. So it was that remarkable wife of Ludovico Sforza, in whose ballroom a French Charles insisted his Italian policy by promises drawn from his easy spin by the smiles of noble Dona Belzona.

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